

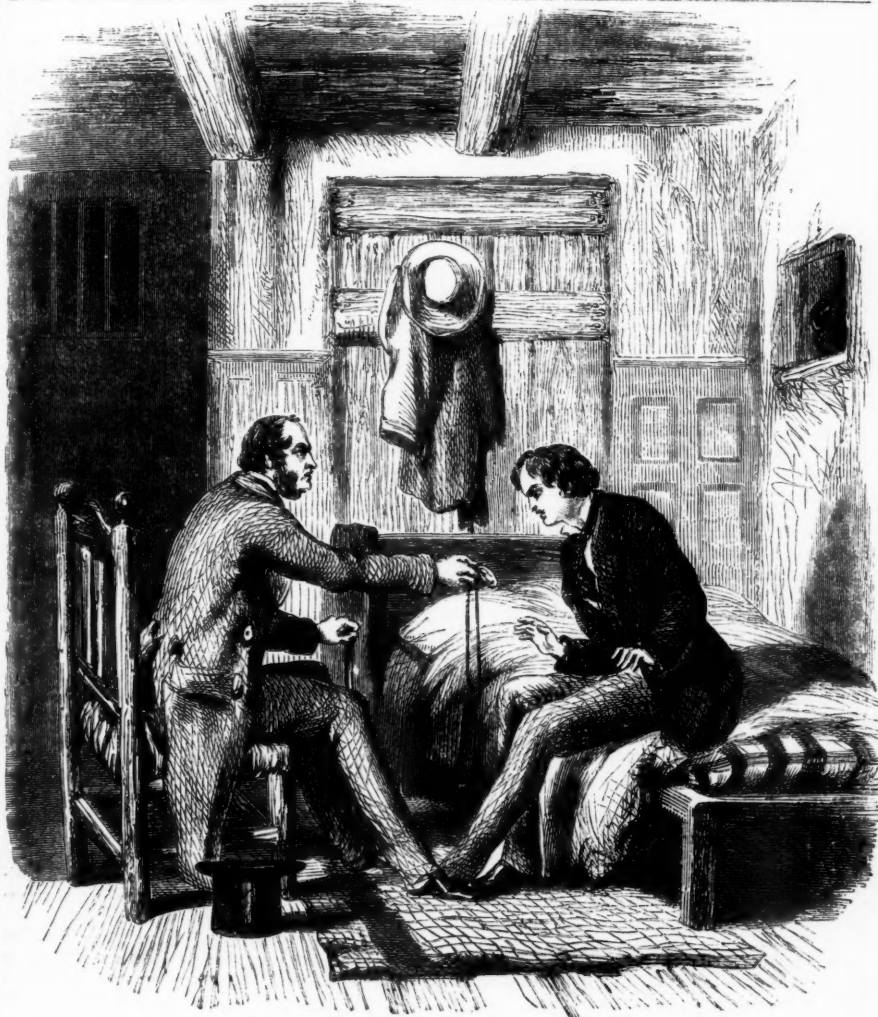
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ROLAND RECOGNISING THE PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—I FIND MYSELF ONCE MORE A PRISONER.

THE small quantity of wine I had taken must in-
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deed have been heavily drugged; for it was late on the following morning before I recovered sufficient consciousness to recall to my mind the events of the preceding night, and to be aware that my head was burning and throbbing with a dull,

stupefying pain. I sprang from my resting-place with a renewal of the terror I had experienced while apprehending a violent death at the hands of those into whose power I had fallen; but whatever might be their ultimate intentions, there was nothing around me to justify present fears of such a result. The chamber was small, dark, and scantily furnished, but it was tolerably clean, and the bed on which I had unconsciously been put to sleep was soft and pleasant. To me, indeed, who had known but little of sheets and blankets—whose bed-room had so long been a stable-loft, and whose best couch and covering had been straw beneath and a horse-rug above—it was luxurious. Assuredly those into whose hands I had been betrayed, whatever might be their secret purposes, would not have taken so much pains for my accommodation if they had any design on my life; or rather, would they not have taken my life when it was so entirely at their disposal, without being at any further trouble?

Moreover, I found on a chair by the bedside some food and a jug of clear water; and, without a thought or fear of danger, I first drank a hearty draught—for my throat was hot and parched with thirst—and then ate, and was thus refreshed. Evidently, then, I need have no dread of immediate deadly violence.

For what, then, was I reserved? I remembered, in a confused sort of way and with many forebodings, the kind of society into which I had a few hours before been entrapped; and the villainous, sinister countenance of Sloppy Stevens presented itself to my mind with no comfortable accompanying sensations. No good could be intended me in which he had any concern, I felt sure of that; and the proceedings I had witnessed and the secrets I had heard, though but imperfectly, in that mysterious vault, convinced me that I was in no safe keeping.

To add to my uneasiness, I discovered that the garments I had worn on the previous day were missing—had probably been taken away, to prevent the possibility of my escape, or, at least, to make escape more impracticable. But this precaution was surely scarcely needed; for on trying to open the chamber-door, I found it strongly fastened on the outside. The only window in the room was a small skylight in a sloping roof, high above my reach, through which nothing could be seen but a small square portion of sky, across which clouds occasionally drifted. I listened for sounds of footsteps or voices, but all around was a dead, unbroken silence.

I had no further observations to make, and should probably have abandoned myself to vague anticipations of coming evil, if I had not remembered that God was above all, and that his ear was open to my cry. I often now think of the flush of joy this thought produced in my mind then, and with what entire and happy confidence I knelt down and cast myself on the protection of my Maker and Saviour. It was while I was thus engaged that I heard the lock of the door turned, and the door itself gently opened. In a moment I was on my feet, and, looking round, I saw that the mysterious stranger, who had presided at the midnight carousal and had taken charge of me in the boat, now stood before me.

"So you are awake, I see," he said, in the same soft voice of which I have before spoken. "I hope you have slept well, Roland?"

"I want to know where I am, sir," I said, without replying to his question, "and why I have been brought here. And I want my clothes, too; I hope I am not to be robbed of them, sir, though they are not worth much."

"No, not much," said he; "though I am glad to see you in better trim than when I first saw you in Smithfield. You see I have not forgotten you," he added with a sort of smile, but not a pleasant one, I thought.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I am much obliged to you for what you gave me then, but I don't want to have any more to do with you; and if you will please to let me go—"

"I do not know what I may please to do yet," replied the stranger, coldly; "and if you do not want to have anything to do with me, I may want to have something to do with you. I should not else have taken the trouble about you that I have done."

I began to exclaim afresh against the deception which had been practised upon me, and the illegal detention to which I was then subjected, when my gaoler, as I may term him, cut short what I was saying.

"You had better keep your temper and be quiet," he said, still in the same gentle and soothing tone, "and you will find that I do not mean any harm to you; but if you begin to be rebellious, you will find that you have an old hand to deal with. You want to know where you are," he added. "I can tell you that you are where you may shout yourself hoarse, and no one will be the wiser; and any attempt to escape will only make it the worse for yourself. Why have you been brought here? I will tell you that, too," he went on. "You have been brought here because I have taken a fancy to have you here. Perhaps you may be useful to me, if I make it worth your while. You are not so well off in the world as not to be glad of an opportunity of rising in it, I suppose?" he said, with another smile.

He fixed his eyes upon me as he spoke. I have before said that they were sharp and penetrating; and it seemed as though he would, if possible, have looked into my very soul.

"Who are you? and what do you want with me?" I asked, shrinking from his gaze with a feeling of terror, which I strove against in vain.

"We will speak of that another day," he said; "and as you are getting reasonable, you shall find that you have nothing to complain of." And saying this, he left the room, to return almost immediately with a bundle of garments.

"These are not mine," I said, turning them over, and perceiving that they were different in cut and texture from, and very superior to, the rough every-day clothes of which I had been deprived.

"Exchange is no robbery," replied he, laughing; "and you will lose nothing in good looks by being better dressed. You see I deal fairly with you," he added, showing me the contents of my old pockets, and the little bag of money (Fanny's), which till then I had not thought of. And before I had time to reply, he again vanished, closing

and locking the door after him, leaving me in a state of perplexity which I need not attempt to describe.

For several days I remained in this state of imprisonment, and saw only my mysterious keeper, who regularly brought me my food, but only smiled when I either implored him to release me, or to tell me why I had been thus kidnapped. He took care to compliment me, however, on the improvement in my appearance (for I had, though reluctantly, dressed myself in the borrowed clothes), and to hint at the great things he intended to do for me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SLOPPY STEVENS AGAIN MAKES HIS APPEARANCE;
AND I FIND MYSELF IN THIEVES' CASTLE.

If I had any doubt as to the nefarious character of the designs of the man who had constituted himself my gaoler, or any hope that his intentions towards me were honest, the doubt and hope alike vanished with the entrance of Sloppy Stevens into my prison-room, about a week after my night adventure.

"So here you are, Roley," said he, seating himself on the foot of the bed, and surveying me from head to foot with a critical air. "Well, on my word of honour, the Captain has done the thing tidily, though, and you'll be an honour to his bringing up. I told you you'd be a gentleman one of these days, eh? and, you see, my word is come to pass."

If there had been the slightest shadow of a hope of moving my visitor to compunction—if I had not known by past experience that he and compassion were utter strangers, and that he would have gloated over my sufferings—I could have cast myself at his feet, and besought him to intercede for me; but I felt how unavailing this would be, and I adopted another tone.

"I have been used in a shameful manner," I said, "and you know it; and I don't want to be a gentleman—not the sort of gentleman that you mean, and, another thing, I won't be."

My old persecutor burst into a loud and brutal laugh. "Pretty well for Whiskers' Rents that," said he; "and pray, Mr. Roland Leigh, what sort of a gentleman is it that I do mean?" he asked, when his laugh had subsided.

"Such a one as you are," I said; "and I tell you at once, and you may tell the man that sent you, that I would rather be poor all my life—I would rather sweep the streets, beg, starve, or die—than get rich by being a rogue and a thief. That's what I have been brought here for, I know," I continued; "and you want to make me as bad as you are, but you won't. The man that has got me here may kill me if he likes; but he shan't make me what he is and what you are."

I believe that I spoke this very angrily and in desperation, perhaps unadvisedly also, but, at all events, I said it honestly; and I felt at the time that if my rashness brought upon me instant cruelty, or even death, it would be better than being gradually drawn aside from rectitude. It brought upon me, however, nothing more than a broad stare and a sneering chuckle.

"So you have found out what you are here for, have you?" said Sloppy Stevens, grinning. "Well,

so much the better; it will save me the trouble of telling you. And you won't be a prig, eh? Pretty well this! Why, you airy [area] sneak! pretty chick you are to pretend to be honest! Ha, ha! When was you in the 'jug' last? Tell me that, Roley-poley; and who was it saw you there? And old Peggy, too; she never showed you the tricks—oh, no."

And so the effects of that false imprisonment—the legal accident of which I had been the victim—had followed me till now! But for that I should not have fallen in with the old ballad-singer, and have been reported by him—as it was plain I had been—as fit for further training in crime. These thoughts passed through my mind then, bitterly stirring it up; and afterwards I had fuller confirmation of the influence that the "legal accident" had exercised in these after events. Nevertheless, I did not even then entirely forget how that otherwise disastrous "accident" had been overruled for good to me; and I trusted that the same good hand of my heavenly Father, which had interposed to keep me from evil in my former prison, would not be withdrawn from my protection in this new difficulty. He who had been with me in one trouble, even when I knew him not, surely would not forsake me now!

"Hooked you there, Roley, have I?" said Sloppy, otherwise Solomon, Stevens, with a malicious grin, when he saw, or fancied he saw, that I hesitated to reply to his taunt.

"No, you haven't," I said; "I was sent to prison, but it was a mistake; and the magistrate who sent me there found out that I was innocent."

Another loud and mocking laugh from my visitor followed.

I need not tax my readers' patience by describing the further particulars of my conference with Solomon Stevens; and I will condense as much as possible the narrative of my imprisonment.

I was in a den of villany. Where it was situated I cannot tell, except that it was on the banks of the Thames, and that the house itself was ancient, and, as I judged, large and solitary. It seemed, indeed, to be the remains of some former conventual building, and was well calculated for concealment, and, if need were, for resistance. I was not admitted to the secrets of my prison-house; but I had reason to suspect, during the many weeks I remained there in duration, that it had secret passages and subterraneous retreats; and that, while externally it probably had the appearance of an innocent relic of antiquity, it was so strengthened and complicated within by bars, bolts, iron-lined shutters, trap-doors, and double doors, that great force would have been required to obtain entrance against the will of the inmates, or, I may almost say, garrison; while it was so jealously guarded as to be almost beyond risk of surprise. My readers will remember that I am writing of the early part of the present century; and probably the building I have described has been demolished, and its site is now covered with modern streets. At the same time, similar retreats of crime are not, I believe, unknown in the present day to the criminal section of modern City Arabs; and it may be that the police of London are not entirely ignorant of their existence.

The owner or ostensible head of this establish-

ment was the person whom I have previously described, and whom I heard addressed while there, only by the slang title of the Captain. He kept no female servants, nor were any females, to my knowledge, admitted into the house; but he had three or four male attendants, besides one old man who bore the name of "Twopenny," who was alike deaf, sullen, and taciturn, and whose chief duty while I was there, seemed to be that of dogging my footsteps, and pouncing upon me at unexpected times and places, when I had so far obtained my liberty as to be allowed to quit my place of close confinement, and had the freedom given me of certain rooms on the ground floor at the back of the building, from the windows of which nothing could be seen but a high blank wall, and the small yard or garden which this wall inclosed. With regard to the other apartments in the house, my curiosity would have been baffled, even if I had wished more than I did to gratify it; for I was not only given to understand that it would be at my imminent peril if I attempted to enter them, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I found that every door was kept fast locked.

At times, this stronghold of crime seemed to be deserted by all its inmates except my old keeper; but appearances were fallacious, for I accidentally discovered that the Captain was very rarely far distant, and that, in some part or other of the building, some secret business was constantly in progress. I have no doubt now that that business was coming; but I did not know, and could not guess then, how systematically this crime was carried on.

At other times, however, and more frequently, the Captain had several visitors; and with these—though under his sharp and scrutinising eye—I was compelled to associate. One large room, rather roughly furnished, was common to all who came, as well as to the regular garrison; and here, all seemed to meet on equal terms of fellowship, in which the host himself had no apparent superiority.

The visitors were a strange and motley crew; and both the time and method of their appearance and departure were silent, secret, and mysterious. Generally, however, as far as I could judge, it was in the dead of night that they came and went; and neither the presence nor absence of any of the number occasioned either remark or confusion in the household.

Why should I assume a thin veil of mystery which every one of my readers can so easily penetrate? I have said that the house was a den of villany. I may add, that it was a regularly organised fastness of crime, and that he whom I have spoken of as the Captain was the head of the confederacy. Here, then, constantly were assembled, or going and coming, as inclination led or occasion required, men who daily and hourly held human laws in contempt, and set them at defiance—burglars returning with their spoils from distant districts; forgers, and utterers of forged notes and base coin; highway robbers; pirates; smugglers; pickpockets; and others who, coming under no particular denomination, were ready for any and every evil work.

I soon discovered, moreover, that the society in this place of infamy differed in some respects from

that into which I had first been introduced. That was the entrance hall—this, the inner temple itself of crime. There, comparatively little discrimination existed—a life of lawlessness giving a sort of title to admission, subject only to general rules having regard to the immediate security of its members; but here, none but stanch and desperate villains were eligible, and a suspicion of treachery would have been a sentence of death to the traitor. Here, too, lay concealed for weeks, and even months, men on whom large rewards had been set, and for whom the eyes of the police were constantly and greedily on the watch. Men who were supposed to have left the country remained in safe hiding here, till the scent had become cold and pursuit had been given up in despair; while, on the other hand, those whose safety demanded it, or who had incurred the suspicion of the gang, were speedily and secretly dismissed to distant shores, from this haunt of wickedness—its proximity to the river, and the Captain's intimate connection with lawless seamen, furnishing constant means of thus evading justice.

I found, also, that every kind of personal disguise was kept in readiness, in the secret recesses of this "Thieves' Castle." I have seen men who made their stealthy appearance as gentlemen, retreat in the garb of mendicants, and apparent beggars as suddenly and completely transformed into the outward aspect of gentlemen; dark hair and complexion often became, under the skilful hand of the Captain, concealed by the flowing locks of a blonde; and the perpetrator of a recent crime, whose person had been minutely described in handbills and the "Hue and Cry," as light-haired and fair-faced, has—after a visit to the den I am describing—boldly walked the streets with hair as black as jet, and a complexion swarthy as a Spaniard's.

I have written enough, and must bring this chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XXX.

A COGNITION—NOT A PLEASANT ONE.

AND here, exposed to fearful temptation—brought into perpetual contact with unblushing crime—"drawn unto death, and ready to be slain"—and cut off from every apparent avenue of escape—this, the most dreadful part of my existence, was passed. It argued the most cruel ingenuity as well as pertinacity of purpose in my persecutors, thus to drag me into familiarity with "almost all evil," to keep constantly held out to me the hand of fellowship with guilt, and to hear, in effect and substance, the invitation daily uttered: "Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause. We shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil. Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse!" while the alternative was as plainly set before me, that refusal to share in these unlawful deeds would bring on me swift destruction.

I will not say that I had no fear of consequences in maintaining my integrity—that I never wavered in my resolution—that I did not cast about me for the possibility of some compromise by which I might escape from the toils in which I was entangled—that my heart and soul never fainted—

that I did not, indeed, become contaminated by seeing and hearing the unlawful deeds and filthy conversation of the wicked. It is true, that all my life long I had been, more or less, exposed to this contamination; and, perhaps, in some way or other, I had been armed against it by Divine grace; but now, it came in upon me in an overwhelming flood. But though I cannot and will not boast of the resistance I made, I may thankfully remember and record that I did not forget God. I knew that he was "able to keep me from falling," that he knew how to deliver them who put their trust in him, and I was helped to lift up my soul to him. I remembered the story of the three Jewish youths in Babylon, who refused to worship the golden image on the plains of Dura, and their reply to the tyrant's threat of vengeance.

But who was this man who was the main instrument in my heavy trial, and why did he take such pains about me, when thousands might have been found ready moulded to his hand and will? My readers will have anticipated the disclosure, nor was I so dull at that time as not to have early guessed at the only probable solution of this question. Let me, with a hurried and trembling pen, describe the scene in which this fearful suspicion was exchanged for certainty.

"Captain," said a heavy-looking, determined man, whom I had reason to believe was a practised house-breaker, and who had just re-appeared at "the Castle," and who was one of some half-dozen ruffians of various professions then lounging in sottish idleness in the common room, Sloppy Stevens being another of the party—"Captain, there's a bit of business that doesn't ought to be put off any longer: this here raw hand as you would bring into this shop"—and he turned a dark, suspicious look towards me, as I was seated at a table with my aching head wearily resting on my hand, and my elbow on the table.

"What about him, Kite?" asked the Captain, quickly.

"That's what I says, and what we all says," responded Kite, roughly—"What about him?"

"And it is what I say again," repeated my gaoler, rather more sharply—"What about him?"

"Why, this here," continued the man—I repeat his words as near as I can remember them, omitting the oaths, curses, and slang phrases, by which they were accompanied—"Here's where it is, Captain; you brings a yokel into this here crib without saying 'By your leave;' and that's agin rules, you know."

"Well, Kite, and do you suppose I don't know what I am about?" demanded the other. "But that was not the only thing I said, if you will recollect."

"Maybe not; you said as how the young chap was ready-made to order; that you knowed him from a chick; how he would cut up prime and handy for light work; and that he was in for it a-ready, and only wanted a bit of training."

"Well?" repeated the Captain, calmly.

"Not a bit well," said the burglar, boldly and angrily; "and I hav'n't said my say yet; leastwise it isn't mine more than others;" and as he looked round on his companions, several responses

met my ears, such as, "That's it, Kite; out with it; we'll back you, old feller."

"Go on," said the Captain, quietly; "I am bound to hear your complaints if you have any to make."

"Well, 'tisn't a bit well," continued the spokesman. "Here's this young feller has been a matter of I dunno how many weeks, in and out of this here room, and up to every move as has been going on, a turning up his eyes, and as sulky as a bear with a sore head; as if the company wasn't good enough for my gentleman."

"Pho!" said the Captain, contemptuously; "he takes longer in seasoning—that's all. He will be all the better for it when that is got through."

"It'll never be got through," exclaimed the man, passionately. "Old Twopenny says as how you'll never make nothink of him—that it's a regular take-in; and Sloppy—you knows what you said, Sloppy—"

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, interrupting the speaker, "be good enough to remember that when I was chosen your chief, I insisted on certain privileges which were equally necessary for your safety and mine, and one of these conditions was—"

"We know all about it, Captain," said Sloppy Stevens; "and you needn't go to palaver us. All we has to say is, that we don't any of us mean to wake up some fine morning with our grinders drawn, and the darbies on; and so—"

"And so, you think it would be as well to get up a mutiny among yourselves?" said the Captain, fixing his piercing eyes on the malcontents around him. "But come," he added, more persuasively, "you know me of old, Kite?"

"That's true enough, Captain; I knows you well enough, and you knows me; and I doesn't want any quarrelling; but howsomever—"

"Well, rest satisfied, then, that you won't be betrayed—"

"We doesn't mean," said Kite.

"—Never be betrayed by any *protégé* of mine; and you all know that as well as I do. As to the young colt—I partly agree with you, Kite, that he has had the bit between his teeth long enough; but I know what I am about; and in two hours—"

He stopped short, for I had risen, and was about to speak, when his eyes were fastened on me with a peculiar expression, which—connected as it was with the secret suspicion that had taken possession of my mind—had at other times stricken me with speechless terror. I have heard that maniacs are awed and subdued by the keeper's or the doctor's eye, more than by the voice of authority; and I can well understand how this can be, though I cannot explain it. I only know that now, as before, my tongue faltered, and, in obedience to my keeper's command, I quitted the room, and sought refuge in my narrow and lofty chamber.

The door had no fastening on the inside; but I exerted my strength, and drew the bedstead against it, and then, in the agony of desperation, threw myself on my knees. I knew that the crisis of my fate had arrived; that now, on my immediate decision depended on one hand, probably,

my mortal life, and, on the other, my immortal soul; and I cried to God for help—HELP!

I thrust my hand into my bosom, and pulled out a dirty scrap of printed paper which I kept concealed there. It was the single leaf of a Bible, which one day had come wrapped round some provisions, and had been thrown down disregarded by him who had brought it. Unobserved, I had picked it up, and rescued it from destruction; and it had been to me an incalculably precious waif; and now, though I by this time knew every word by heart, I ran my eye over this sentence: "Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass, and forget the Lord thy Maker?"

I put the paper back in my bosom, when, with streaming eyes, I had read this message from heaven to me—to me, a poor City Arab—and once more cast myself before God. Would he help me now?—help me not to fear them who, when they had killed the body, had nothing more that they could do?

I was still kneeling when the door was pushed, gently at first, and then violently, till the obstacle I had placed against it yielded; and then the Captain entered. He silently shut the door, seated himself, and motioned me to be seated too; and then he spoke sternly, and in a low suppressed tone either of anger or some other passion.

"You wish to know who I am, and what I want with you," he said. "I will tell you; but, first of all, have you ever seen any one resembling this?" and he drew from his pocket a miniature portrait, which he held with a steady hand before me.

I was but a child when she died; and twelve or more years of tossing to and fro, and battling for a precarious subsistence, had passed over me since then; but I had not forgotten my mother's pale face and delicate features. And it was a portrait of my mother this man held in his hand; not, however, exactly as I remembered her, but in the flush of girlish beauty, and in gay garments such as I had never seen her wear.

I sprang forward, uttered a cry of mingled rapture and anguish, snatched the picture from his hand, and pressed it to my lips.

"It is enough," he said coldly, repossessing himself of the likeness, and replacing it in his pocket; "I see you recognise it. And now you know who I am: that woman was my wife."

For a moment I felt as though stunned, not so much with the knowledge itself which these words conveyed—for I had suspected this—as with the way in which the disclosure was made. I rallied, however, and— But why draw back the veil, and tell of the scene which followed? I will not do it; for he of whom I am now writing was my father. It is enough that I was strengthened to spurn the temptations set before me, and to brave the threats—that I refused to submit to his authority, when he would have compelled me to an unholy compact with banded thieves, to break the laws of God and man—and that, at last, when he was wearied out with my reproaches and prayers, and enraged by my resistance, a fierce blow from his hand stretched me, for a time, senseless on the floor of my prison chamber.

FRIEND ALUMINIUM'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

SECOND PAPER.

IN our previous paper we traced the developments of the manufacture of that crockery which is white throughout; we will now take a glance at the history of crockery having a white surface only.

Amongst the numerous arts which the Saracens brought with them into Europe, that of making painted crockery was not the least remarkable. Whoever examines the pictorial representations of the Alhambra, as depicted in the splendid book of Mr. Owen Jones, or the still more splendid reproduction in the Crystal Palace, must be struck with the gorgeous-coloured ornamentation displayed on many parts of that celebrated edifice. The coloured tiles termed *azulejos* especially concern the present illustration. If one of these *azulejos* be broken across, the transverse fracture will be seen to consist of coarse red clay. Over the surface of this clay is a white glaze, upon which the coloured figures are painted. The glaze in question is oxide of tin. Its introduction to the end above described has been attributed to the Saracens. They are said to have first employed it in a manufactory of red earthenware established by them in the island of Majorca; whence arose the distinctive term "*majolica*," for every kind of ceramic manufacture which involved the glazing of ordinary baked clay with fused oxide of tin. Within the last few years, however, bricks have been discovered amidst the ruins of Nineveh, actually covered with the celebrated tin-oxide glaze! The kind of *majolica* ware which fetches most money at the antiquarian dealers' is that of the Spanish Saracens; but the *majolica* of Italian manufacture is far more beautiful. The process was introduced into Italy about the twelfth century, but it arrived at its greatest perfection about the fifteenth or sixteenth. At first the Italian *majolica* potteries were mere luxurious appendages to the courts of Italian potentates, their products not being intended for sale. Emperors, kings, reigning dukes, and ladies have always shown a predilection for crockery. *Majolica* ware shared in this estimation, as we may infer when told that a service of *majolica* was held to be a present worthy of Duke Guidobaldo, to the high and mighty potentate Charles v.

Majolica ware brings with it the disagreeable impression of a make-up counterfeit—a spurious covering of defects instead of overcoming them; but the crockery ware of old Severs is liable to the same objection. Both, however, are beautiful in their way; each forms an important link in the history of the ceramic art; and if you or I happened to possess a rare specimen of either the one or the other, a collector of old china would soon facilitate our exchanging what we might hold to be a meretricious counterfeit, for a goodly lump of gold.

Italy derived her knowledge of *majolica* ware from the Saracens direct; but no such good fortune awaited France. Nevertheless, the secret of the tin oxide was discovered in 1545 by Bernard Palissy, who lent his name to the peculiar sort of crockery now known as Palissy ware. Collectors of china do not usually consider Palissy and *majolica* ware to be identical. Chemically considered, however, the identity is established, in-

asmuch as both consist of coarse underlying clay glazed with an enamel of tin oxide. Palissy's glaze never attained the whiteness recognisable in the Saracenic and Italian specimens of majolica; nor were the varieties and excellence of his tints equal to theirs; but Palissy was a genius, and struck out a path for himself. The surface of this crockery is modelled into the most elaborate alto and basso-relievos of plants and animals, all characterised by singular fidelity to nature. Indeed, Palissy always modelled from nature. If he had occasion to model the form of an extinct shell-fish, such as are to be seen in geological remains, he procured a specimen and modelled it; so that a geologist has commented on the identity of these things as seen in Palissy's relievos, with the geological specimens now discoverable in the Paris clay.



DISH OF PALISSY WARE.

Palissy was a Protestant, and suffered much because of his convictions. But neither threats, nor cajolements, nor promises of advancement, could turn him from the honest expression of his religious convictions. Then, as an example of energy, and progress of knowledge under difficulties, few men have existed so pre-eminent in these respects as the estimable Palissy. Like many other enthusiasts, he was thought to be deranged, before his success removed that impression. Mrs. Palissy (for our potter had a wife) was very much of this opinion, and one morning her worst fears seemed to be confirmed, as, returning from a little distance to her home, she saw her enthusiast of a husband frantically tearing up the flooring of his chamber, and throwing the planks into a burning furnace. Chairs and tables had undergone that fate before Madame returned. Palissy was not mad; but he was poor, and an enthusiast. The secret of his life he saw *almost* within his grasp; but the furnace heat began to decline, and he had expended his *fiel*. In this predicament he did not hesitate to do that which passed for madness in the estimation of Madame; but he succeeded, and lived long enough to hear his former detractors call him "wondrous wise." Palissy was a Christian man also, of no mean order, and became a martyr to his pure faith. Capable of sacrificing so much for white enamel, he hesitated at no sacrifice for Christ. He died in the Bastile, eighty years of age.

Whilst Palissy was working himself to death in the search for enamel,* and the Italian artists

were embellishing majolica, Chinese or true porcelain was slowly making its way in Europe. The Portuguese introduced it in 1508, teaching the great potentates of the west how far inferior were their own ceramic productions to the real oriental china. At length a sort of spurious imitation china was discovered; but the imitation was so very beautiful, that in many respects true china ware is less admirable. The imitation we will, if you please, call soft porcelain. Who is there so uninformed as not to know that Sevres in France is famed throughout the world for its crockery ware? Pardon this homely term, oh ye china collectors! I have my own reasons for so designating it, and mean no disrespect. A Sevres vase means, of course, a vase made at Sevres; and the particular points of difference between two vases, one made at Sevres in the year 1664, the other in 1666, might not be distinguishable to any person except a connoisseur. When I inform the reader, therefore, that anterior to the year 1664 no true china was made at Sevres, and that since the beginning of the present century no false china has been made there, it may seem worth while to recognise the distinction between old and new Sevres.

A very charming impostor false china ware must be allowed to be; in many respects superior to real china ware, more especially as regards its susceptibility of coloured ornamentation. But wherefore false? For this reason. True china ware (porcelain) is made of plastic clay—a mixture which, as we have seen, consists of alumina, silica, and lime. If these materials can be dug at once from the earth, as in China, all the better; if not, they may be prepared and mixed artificially—the result in either case being real china (porcelain). But the ware of old Sevres, and indeed of ancient Chelsea, and Bow, and Worcestershire, had a very remote consanguinity to our friend Aluminium. All contained a little clay; but in addition there were arsenic, soap, grease, gum, powdered glass, and I know not what besides, constituting a very fusible material. The deception having been imitated must needs be carried out to the end. False porcelain is so fusible, that the real porcelain glaze, itself a sort of clay material (felspar), could not be applied, and a dangerous substitute of lead took its place. Still, I remark again, no more beautiful impostor has ever been seen than the ware of old Sevres.

I will conclude this paper on the family connections of Friend Aluminium, by mentioning in what manner the discovery of real china (porcelain) was first effected in Europe. It is somewhat amusing, as showing what strange discoveries are sometimes made by apparent accident. In the beginning of the last century, there lived in Saxony a man whose name was Böttcher. He passed for an alchemist, or man who could make gold—a metal which the then King of Saxony was so enamoured of, that he determined to lay hold of the alchemist, lock him up in a castle, give him everything that heart could wish for, feed him well, dress him like a gentleman, and pay all his laboratory expenses, in order that his Majesty might appropriate all the gold which his prisoner should create. Böttcher required crucibles, as every chemist does. He wanted

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 46.

clay to make his crucibles; and being unable to get the particular kind of clay, he was temporarily in a fix. Böttcher, unlike many prisoners, did not turn a sloven and neglect his personal appearance; on the contrary, he was in the habit of wearing a nicely-powdered wig, and the King of Saxony allowed a barber to enter the prison walls to dress that wig. One morning, the prisoner alchemist, on donning his wig, felt an unusual weight upon his cranium. What could it be? The wig had been, after the manner of by-gone wigs, powdered; but surely no hair-powder could be so heavy as this. Böttcher determined to sift the matter to the bottom. He accordingly sent for the barber, to whom he said:—

"What have you done to my wig?"

"Powdered it, oh excellent gold-maker," the barber replied.

"But the powder cannot be ordinary wig-powder: it is heavy. I feel my poor head sinking down between my shoulders from the weight," Böttcher said to the barber.

An explanation followed of this kind. The barber's horse, whilst galloping over a broken path, stumbled on something and fell; whereupon the barber dismounting, examined the hoof, and found attached to it something white. He thought that white body would make good hair-powder, and tried it on Böttcher's wig. The alchemist jumped for joy, the weight of his wig notwithstanding. The new hair-powder was a sort of white clay, the very sort he had so long desired. Not only did it make good crucibles, but it made good china ware. The clay discovered thus by accident was the very sort of clay that the Chinese had used from time immemorial. Böttcher was not more successful in actually making gold than other alchemists; but he made for the King of Saxony what was more precious than gold in the eyes of some—real porcelain. Everybody knows that amongst the specimens of European crockery, Dresden, or, more properly speaking, Saxon china, enjoys a very high celebrity. The so-called Dresden china is made at Meissen, and, unlike the manufacture of Sevres, nothing but real china ware has ever been turned out of the ceramic manufactures of Saxony.

I might now, if this communication were not already sufficiently extended, state some particulars concerning our own manufacture of beautiful crockery; but Friend Aluminium's family circle is so very large, that the writer must be excused for neglecting a few of its members.

MY WINTER QUARTERS IN THE SEA OF MARMORA.

TOWARDS the middle of December, 1855, I was despatched from Constantinople, where I chanced to be, to join the head-quarters of the Turkish Contingent Cavalry, then in cantonment at a place called Buyuk-Tehekmedji, on the European shores of the Sea of Marmora. As the reader of this paper may probably be ignorant even of the very existence of such a place, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief summary of my three months' experience in winter quarters there.

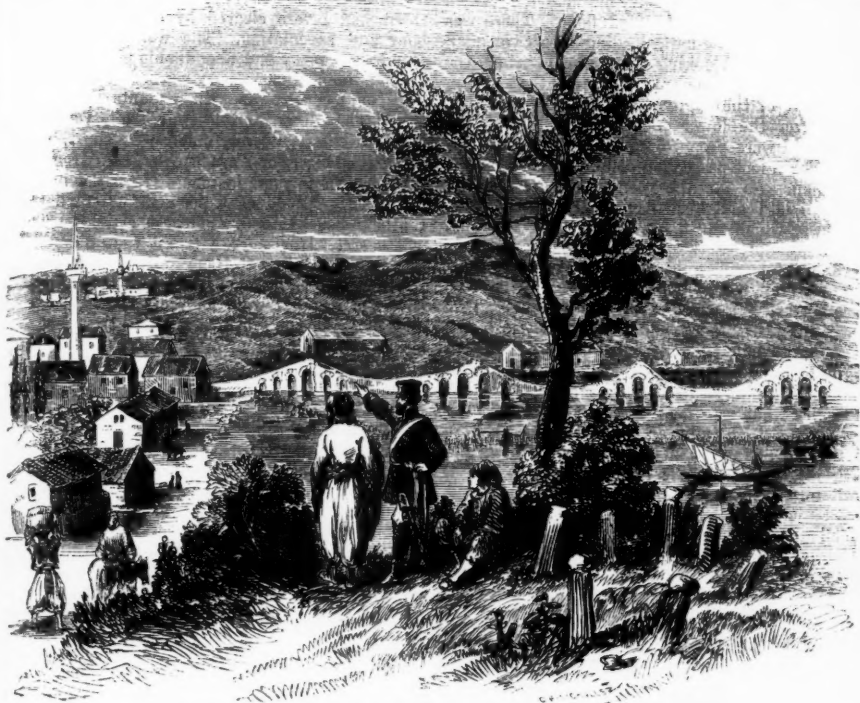
In the first place, it was with no small difficulty, and only after a considerable amount of clamber-

ing up and down the slippery and dirty hills of Pera, that I could discover any one capable of throwing any light on the topography of Buyuk-Tehekmedji. Everybody told me it was not far from Constantinople; some recommended me to go by sea, and others by land; but whether I was to turn my horse's head towards the north, or steer the boat's prow for the south, none could clearly indicate. There were actually people born and reared in the place, grey with the accumulation of years, who seemed strangely ignorant of villages and towns barely eight hours distant from the city they resided in. When reduced to the utmost perplexity, an honest British tar was thrown in my way, and Jack, giving himself a hitch, told me that a steamer, to which he belonged, was leaving for that port in a couple of hours or so. Accordingly, about 4 P.M. found me, with bags and baggage, safely on board the said vessel, not, however, before having had a terrible tussle, in an open caique, with one of those furious gales so prevalent in the Bosphorus, and where we had tide, rain, wind, snow, and hail to contend against.

I only remained long enough on deck to see that the steamer had quitted the Golden Horn, and, rounding Seraglio Point, was steering close along the European shores of the Marmora. The weather speedily drove me below, where, in front of a comfortable stove, and with the assistance of the captain's chart, I ascertained that Buyuk-Tehekmedji was a small town situated at the further extremity of a deep bay, the northernmost cape of which in reality constituted Seraglio Point. Consoled by this information, stimulated with a refreshing cup of tea, and reassured, moreover, of the certainty of our arrival by the heavy jingling of the chain-cable as the anchor went down, I retired to rest, and slept soundly till the turmoil occasioned by washing the decks aroused me on the following morning.

From the steamer's poop, the picture that burst upon my gaze was really enchanting, and partook far more of an English character than anything I had ever witnessed in the East. To the right extended a low range of fertile hills, intersected by a broad carriage-road (a thing rarely to be met with in Turkey), whilst a line of telegraph-wires extended all along as far as the eye could trace. Cattle were browsing on the hill-sides, and clumps of trees crowned many of the verdant hillocks. In the distance rose the houses of the town itself, looking like pleasant villas from the spot where I stood. At the further extremity of the bay the blue waters of the Marmora merged into a narrow stream, which flowed under the arches of four antiquated bridges into a considerable inland basin; beyond which, again, were the snow-capped azure and purple mountains of the remote interior. To the left, rising abruptly out of the waves, and surmounted by a pretty-looking town, was the headland of Kalikrathia; and, a connecting link between the bridges and this cape, was a long spit of intensely white sand, beyond which were visible haystacks of undoubted European structure, whilst a tall chimney indicated the whereabouts of a recently-constructed steam-mill for pressing hay.

The gale of yesterday had entirely subsided; the



BUYUK-TCHEKMEJJI, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE TURKISH CONTINGENT CAVALRY.

sun shone out brilliantly upon the view; there was barely a ripple upon the ocean; and the warm south wind crept lazily up from the Dardanelles, wafting before it whole fleets of sailing-vessels, that had probably been wind-bound for weeks previously. There were many other European and native vessels at anchor in the bay, whilst flocks of wild water-fowl floated lazily on the waves, or flew with arrow-like rapidity towards their haunts in the interior. On the whole, the prospect held out was promising, and we landed under a pleasant illusion.

It is almost needless to say that, as we approached the shore, these illusions rapidly dissolved. Such is only the usual result of a close acquaintance with most of the charming sea-views witnessed on the shores of the Dardanelles. In the first place, we had to encounter a very strong current, which rushed like a sluice from the lake into the sea; failing to overcome which, our boat was stranded on the margin of a miserable quagmire, where we scrambled ashore ankle-deep in mud. Hungry and wretched-looking dogs growled savagely at our intrusion. A score or two of decayed tents, the odour from which was insufferable, were stretched across this swamp to dry and air, if it were possible to accomplish such a process in their then condition. Beyond these was a ruinous old wall, many portions of which had crumbled to decay, and behind the wall were the few smoke-dried rickety old houses that constituted the town. And this was the stern reality of that picturesque

landscape, upon which we had so recently gazed with admiration and delight.

Feeling the boatman to shoulder my portmanteau, I skirted the marsh, not without peril and difficulty, and made my entrance into Buyuk-Tchekmedji with one boot, (having irrecoverably lost the other in a mud-pit,) and a considerable accumulation of mud over my person. Under these circumstances I was not, as may be readily conceived, in a mood to criticise the appearance of the houses; but I first sought and found shelter in a species of half coffee-shop, half tavern, where I deposited my effects for the nonce, and readjusted my dress. I then went and reported myself to the officer in command at the station, and was speedily afterwards conducted to my billet, which chanced to be in a house inhabited by a most amiable and respectable family.

Of the town itself it would be difficult to give an adequate idea to those who have never travelled in Turkey. Such as have penetrated thus far, can easily picture it by comparison with any other town or village they may chance to have visited. The houses were constructed with some pretence to regularity and order. They were mostly two stories high, the basement floor consisting of one large barn, which served as a winter storehouse, a stabling for cattle, a laundry, and a mill, where all the grain consumed by the household was ground by women, by means of those primitive grinding-stones so often alluded to in Scripture. At the further end from the entrance door, in the

darkest corner, was a rickety old ladder, up which we mounted to the inhabited floor. There was a kind of entrance-hall, leading into two small rooms, that overlooking the street being the divan, or sitting-room, and the other the sleeping apartment of the family. The upper stories projected over the lower ones a full yard into the street, and were propped up by heavy beams, under which a foot passenger could pass, but not a horseman. As for the rooms themselves, they were all lath and plaster, liberally pierced with windows, which must have proved as great an advantage during the heat of summer as they were an intolerable nuisance in winter.

The streets were narrow and muddy. They had once boasted of a pavement, a foot wide, on either side; but heavy rains had loosened these, years before my visit, and any inhabitant who wanted to build an outhouse, or repair a broken-down wall, helped himself to the paving-stones; so that in reality what remained were a perfect nuisance and a trap to the unwary, inasmuch as they were at uneven distances, sharp-pointed, slippery, and with intervening puddles, in which you sunk well nigh up to the knee. As for the centre of the streets, it was always a sea of abomination, upon which floated all sorts of refuse and garbage which had been thrown out of windows, in company with fleets of truculent ducks and geese, who were perpetually evidencing their contentment by their noisy gabbling. After heavy showers of rain, which swept all the surplus filth into the extensive lake at the back of the town, the streets were rendered marvellously clean for a season; after which, however, they soon relapsed into a state of slush. The English had given names to the various streets, which were duly marked up on boards. Some miserable open spaces, which occurred at intervals (having perhaps a large dunghill in the centre), were also dignified with the title of Squares. Thus we had Grub Street and Provost Square—both most significant names, inasmuch as the rations were given out in the first-mentioned locality, while the Provost Marshal (the terror of all offenders in the village) lived in the second.

Before the appearance of a British force in this out-of-the-way place, the people of Buyuk-Tchek-medji, who were principally of the Greek persuasion, were supported chiefly by agricultural pursuits, assisted somewhat by the industry and ingenuity of their wives and daughters. I must give them, at least the majority of them, the credit of being a humble, cleanly, industrious, and honest people, but at the best of seasons they were exceedingly poor; the advent of English strangers, therefore, though inconvenient so far as regarded the billeting system, was really of immense service to the mass of the population. In the first place, many of their dilapidated houses were put into thorough repair for them, without their being at a farthing's expense. The floors were re-planked, new doors and windows put in, and other improvements effected; so that they were handed back to the owners, after a few months' occupation, in a condition such as had not been known for many a long year. Then, again, the men found occupation as grooms, body servants, cooks, etc. etc. to the officers; receiving, besides their rations, as exorbitant a sum as £5

a month!—a sum that not the wealthiest amongst them had before cleared by a whole year's labour and speculation. The women also turned laundresses (they had abominable notions of ironing the linen, though they washed it exceedingly well), and earned fabulous amounts by the process. They likewise sold eggs, fruit, vegetables, poultry, butter, cheese, onions—in short, everything the officers or European sergeants required; and, though in some instances regulated by tariff prices, they gained cent. per cent. upon what was the acknowledged value of these articles. There was scarcely, therefore, a family that did not accumulate what was to them quite a little fortune, the frugal expenditure of which may keep them beyond the reach of want for years to come, if that bird of prey, the Turkish tax-gatherer, has not before now pounced upon them and fleeced them of everything.

Indeed, not only the people, but even the very poultry of the place, profited by British occupation. Before the appearance of our troops, the fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, etc. belonging to the villagers, though of a fine brood, and certainly amongst the most handsome plumed birds anywhere to be met with, were exceedingly meagre and ill-conditioned. At the period of my arrival, however, they were in better condition than many that may be met with in Leadenhall Market. This change was accounted for by the immense supplies of grain imported into the place, for the nourishment of men and horses belonging to our cavalry. Much of this grain was spilt in the streets, some was purloined, while on some, again, in places easy of access, the poultry committed daily felonies. Hence they thrived at the expense of the British Government, and, it must be confessed, did credit to their food.

I never met with finer vegetables than those hawked about for sale in the streets of Buyuk-Tchek-medji. The winter cauliflowers were, many of them, considerably larger than ordinary cabbages. Neither was there any lack of fish, the sea supplying several varieties, besides oysters and exceedingly fine cockles; whilst the lake yielded abundance of fresh-water fish, and very good eels. There was also an abundant supply of game, such as wild ducks, teal, snipe, etc. etc., all which sportsmen bagged plentifully. No one could murmur at the living; and the climate, if one were only properly housed, was rather agreeable than otherwise. Snow fell thickly, and it often rained; but such inclemencies were of short duration, the intervals consisting of most brilliant sunshine, with delightful southerly winds. At such seasons a ramble in the environs, or along the sea shore, was health-inspiring and delightful.

Such is a brief description of the climate, products, and people of Buyuk-Tchek-medji—a name, by the bye, derived from two Turkish words signifying the "hard pull," which was very significant of the toil boatmen had to encounter before the grandsire of the present sultan constructed the four bridges which traverse the lake at its junction with the sea. I got this information from that universal patriarch, "the oldest inhabitant" of the place. The villagers, men, women, and children, were, with very few exceptions, a healthy, robust people, of middle stature, fair complexion,

dark hair and eyes, and handsome in features and figure.

And now, in conclusion, for a more minute survey of my own particular quarters. When I first took possession of my room (which was the divan room, overlooking the street), it was snowing hard out of doors. I was consequently rather dismayed to find, not that it had no fire-place—that was a luxury not to be looked for—but that it had four windows and a large entrance door. None of these windows were glazed; only three of them had shutters (which never would close to within an inch of the window-sill), and the fourth, some philanthropist had begun to brick up, but, capital failing, had relinquished the task. As for the door, no physical power could close it within fully three inches. But this was not all: opposite the door was a hideous cupboard, that protruded three feet into the room; it contained the bedding material belonging to the family. Besides being a receptacle of rats, this cupboard admitted so many draughts, that Æolus himself might have taken up his lodgings there. The planks of the flooring, which were in some places half an inch apart, while here and there a plank had entirely disappeared, admitted a sort of hurricane from the barn below, to say nothing of unsavoury odours from cattle, fowls, garlic, etc. To remedy these evils properly would be the work of time: there were not too many carpenters in the place, and as these worked according to a fixed order, I, as one of the latest arrivals in the town, could only expect to be last served. In the interval I was likely to starve with cold.

Then I experienced the advantages of being an old traveller. Assisted by a young Greek servant, an amiable and intelligent lad, I beat up amongst my English neighbours for a supply of old newspapers. Times, Chronicles, Globes, were all pressed into the service; and, armed with a large pot of flour paste, we covered the flooring, the walls, the cupboard, and then removed the useless shutters and pasted up the windows. This last operation threw us into intense darkness, which was remedied, however, by oiling the paper on both sides, which then admitted the light freely enough for all necessary purposes. We next spread mats over the flooring, and having covered these again with rugs and blankets, the metamorphose of the chamber was completed. We introduced a hot brazier of burning coal into the centre of the room, and, removing the rickety old door from its hinges, hung up a couple of heavy blankets, which effectually excluded the cold air. In the course of a day or two, there was not a warmer or more agreeable little room in the whole cantonment.

My wife now joined me from Constantinople, and her arrival created an excitement amongst the women of the place, such I suppose as the Tehek-medjins never before witnessed. No English lady had ever previously resided in the place, and the curiosity of the natives overcame their habitual bashfulness. Formerly, my appearance had been the signal for all the women in the house to decamp, which they did in the utmost confusion, leaving their slippers behind them in their ignominious retreat. Now, I was perfectly pestered from morning till night, with shoals of inquisitive

women, who, emboldened by impunity, entered into friendly conversation and sat side by side with me, without hesitation or fear. All this was so far agreeable, but they never would take the hint to be off. No sooner was one batch gone than another arrived, and we had absolutely no time left us for meals or privacy. Nor was this all; the younger girls rifled my wife's boxes in search of what seemed to them curiosities; they tried on her dresses; tore off hooks and eyes; importuned her to make them caps and cloaks; and, in short, turned our comfort and peace out of doors. To remedy this, I was compelled at last to bring home some bachelor friend every day, which scared the women away, till at last we were reduced to a small select circle.

We had become, however, very intimate with the people of the house, and it was really surprising to see how speedily the girls picked up the English language. They worked and embroidered beautifully, and I have brought away with me some small souvenirs of their industry, which would really do credit to many an educated English lady. Oftentimes I have known them to be at work from four in the morning till long after midnight; and during a slight attack of influenza from which my wife suffered, nothing could exceed the care and attention with which these kind-hearted people nursed her. They were lady-like in manners, accomplished, and exceedingly apt in acquiring languages; indeed, of all the souvenirs brought home with us from the East, the one we most prize is the recollection of the amiable Greek family, upon whom the fortunes of war had quartered us at Büyük-Tehekmedji. Happy should I be to learn that, from the Turkish Mission at Constantinople, some rays of truth are likely eventually to find their way to this place. A pure Christianity is what is wanted to make its loveable inhabitants all that they ought to be.

THE BLACKBURN FARMER.

ABOUT the middle of last century there resided in the village of Blackburn, in Lancashire, a farmer of small means, but of good natural capacity, of a reflective habit, and endowed with a spirit of persistent perseverance rarely found in his walk of life. He tilled a few acres of land, the produce of which sufficed to support his family, whom he accustomed to fare humbly and labour hard. As for himself, he cared not how much he worked, nor to what employment he turned his hand. Anything that promised a remuneration for his industry, he would attempt; if it prospered, and he obtained the proposed remuneration, it was well; and if it failed, and he got no remuneration, still he extracted experience out of it, and was in a condition to enter on a new experiment with a better chance of success. This patience and good-humoured self-possession, under all circumstances, was inherent in the man, and it proved in the end a most valuable quality, as we shall see. He was naturally fond of experiment; and in the long evenings of winter, when farming operations were unavoidably suspended, was accustomed to exercise his ingenuity, of which he possessed a more than average share, in mechanical contrivances, either

for diminishing labour, or for rendering its operations more satisfactory and complete.

At that period, all Lancashire and the manufacturing districts of the north were more or less excited on the subject of the cotton manufactures, which the inventions of Hargreaves and others had brought to a state of perfection that promised to make this country the commercial centre of the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that the farmer turned his attention to this branch of manufacture. Being struck with the clumsy tediousness of the process by which the cotton wool was brought into a state fit for spinning, he set about contriving a quicker and more satisfactory method of doing the work. Before long he was led to the adoption of a cylinder, instead of the common hand-cards then in use; and in the end produced machines of simple construction, by which the work of carding was not only performed more effectually, but at a much more expeditious rate. The success of his endeavours in this direction was so decided, that he now found it his policy to relinquish his farm, and devote himself entirely to the new employment which he had thus created for himself.

The cotton fabrics which were produced at this period were far different in appearance from those with which the last three generations have been familiar: they were, in fact, only cotton cloths, either indifferently white, or dyed in such homely colours as the dyers of the time could impart to them. Though useful for a variety of domestic purposes and for under garments, the idea of making them the materials of personal adornment and elegant attire seems as yet to have suggested itself to no one. But now the Blackburn farmer conceived that idea, and, inspired by his success in the wool-carding department, resolved to carry it out with all the energy at his command.

To talking he was not much given, and to boasting not at all, and on this occasion especially he shrewdly kept his plans to himself. Procuring a stout block of wood, ten inches long by five inches wide, and some two inches thick, he drew with a pencil, on the smooth side of it, the exact representation of a parsley-leaf gathered from his garden. He then set to work, with pen-knife and small chisels, and such other tools as he could purchase, and with his own hands cut away all those parts of the wood not covered by the drawing, leaving the spray of parsley standing in relief; or, in other words, he made a wood-engraving of the leaf, differing in no other respect from the wood-engravings of the artist of to-day, but in the rough coarseness of the work, unavoidable in a first attempt. In the back of the block he fixed a handle, and at each of the four corners of it he inserted a little pin of stout wire. His next step was to mix a lively green colour, well ground up with alum, to a consistency fit for printing. The colour was contained in a tub, and upon its surface lay a thick woollen cloth, which of course became thoroughly saturated with the colouring matter. Laying a blanket on a stout kitchen table, and stretching the white calico cloth on the top of that, the ingenious farmer applied his wooden block to the saturated woollen cloth, dabbing it repeatedly, until it had taken up a sufficient quantity of the colour. He then laid the block

squarely on the stretched cloth, and gave it a smart blow on the back with a mallet, thus printing the impression of the parsley-leaf. The four little pins, fixed at the corners of the block, served to guide him in applying it squarely at each consecutive impression; and thus he worked away, until the whole surface of the cloth was covered with the parsley-leaves, and he had produced the *first piece of printed cotton* the world had ever seen.

The parsley-leaf pattern succeeded so well, that he soon found himself called on for others of various designs, which also he made with his own hands, thus keeping his secret to himself, and shutting out rivals in the trade which his own ingenuity had created. And now the demand for his novel wares grew so urgent, that he could not produce them fast enough for his customers. As a matter of course, he had impressed the services of his whole family—his sons aiding in the printing, and his wife and daughters working early and late in ironing out the printed cloths after the colouring matter was dry. This ironing process took a great deal of time; and though the women bent over the flat-irons early and late, they could not meet the urgency of the case, and thus the execution of the orders that poured in was continually delayed.

To overcome this obstacle, the farmer set his wits to work to contrive a machine to supersede the use of the flat-irons. Remembering the advantage he had derived from the use of a cylinder in carding the cotton-wool, he turned again to the cylinder to effect his present purpose. He instructed a carpenter to make a large oblong frame, with a smooth bed of solid planking, supported on upright posts, and with a raised rail or ledge on either side. Running from side to side he placed a roller, with a handle to turn it, and round the roller he wound a rope spirally. Each end of the rope was fastened to a strong oblong box, as large as the bed of the frame; and the box being filled with bricks and paving-stones, was heavy enough to impart a powerful pressure. Instead of ironing his pieces of printed cloth, the farmer now wound them carefully round small wooden rollers, which he placed in the smooth bed beneath the box of stones, drew that backwards and forwards over them, by means of the handle affixed to the cylinder, which had the rope coiled round it, and so, without the use of the hot flat-irons, gave the desiderated finish to his work. And thus it was that the *first mangle* came into the world.

This machine answered its purpose admirably, and, by releasing the wife and daughters from the ironing-table, increased by so much the producing power of the family. The farmer worked on now with redoubled diligence; the more cottons he printed, the more people wanted them; and as he had taken especial care that no man should become master of his mystery, he retained the trade in his own hands. As years flowed on, wealth poured in, and the small farmer of the village became the principal of one of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing houses in the country. He took his eldest son into partnership, and applying his capital to the production of machinery to facilitate cotton printing, was enabled to transfer his patterns from blocks to cylinders, and thus to print,

in a few minutes only, a piece of cloth which it would have taken a week to complete under the old process with the mallet and blocks.

The farmer's son became a man of vast wealth and influence. It was but a trifle to him, when the burden of war weighed heavily upon his country, and the national emergencies were most oppressively felt, to raise and equip, at his own expense, a regiment of horse for the defence of the country, and present them to the government. This he did; and the government, in return for his generous patriotism, made him a baronet.

The patriotic baronet had a son, who, though inheriting the thorough working faculty and persistent perseverance of the family, was not brought up to the manufacturing business, with the view of adding to the family wealth. The grandson of the Blackburn farmer was placed under skilful instructors, and in due time sent to college, where he set a noble example of subordination and diligence, displayed abilities of the highest order, and won distinguishing honours. He afterwards obtained a seat in Parliament, where he served his country for a period exceeding the average duration of human life, and served it, too, with a fidelity, proof not only against the seductive influence of party, but against his personal interests, and in opposition to the cherished friendships of a whole life. He obtained, and for a long period enjoyed, the greatest honour which it is possible for a sovereign to confer upon a subject. As the Prime Minister of England, he devoted himself to the welfare of the people, working steadily for the emancipation of industry, the amelioration of the poor man's lot, and the cheapening of the poor man's loaf. In this cause he signally triumphed, dying in the midst of his success, by what seemed the sudden stroke of accident, and leaving behind him a name and a fame dear to Britain and honoured throughout the world.

We need scarcely add, that the name of the small Blackburn farmer, of the wealthy and patriotic baronet, and of the champion of free trade, is one and the same, and that it will be found carved on the pedestal of the statue of ROBERT PEELE.

THE SKETCHER IN MANCHESTER.

MARKETING.

IN a city containing a population numbering between three and four hundred thousand, and among whom the equipage of the costermonger, with his tempting display of fruits and vegetables, is a spectacle rarely if ever seen, it is evident that a constant and paramount want is the near neighbourhood of an accessible and well-supplied market. The authorities of Manchester have not been behind-hand in meeting this desideratum. One cannot walk far in any direction without coming either upon market buildings and inclosures, or upon an open space of ground appropriated to marketing purposes. Meat markets, fish markets, markets for fowl and game, for fruits and vegetables, are scattered at convenient distances throughout the town; and there is even an open-air market for rags, resonant of the Irish brogue, for the use and behoof of all whom it may concern.

We shall not ask the reader to follow us through the shambles while we pronounce a verdict on the Manchester mutton and beef, which it is much pleasanter to criticise after it has gone through the ceremony of cooking, than while displaying its charms upon the stall-board. Neither shall we delectate his nostrils with that "ancient and fish-like smell" by which salmon and cod, flounders and flat-fish, publish their obituaries to the world. Rather will we select one sample—of a rather comprehensive character, it is true—from the rest, and request him to follow us to the ascent of Shude Hill, and there take a leisurely view of the Manchester Smithfield—a market which meets all the requirements of that many-headed patron, the people, upon one spot, and, we might almost say, under one roof; and which, if we be not exceedingly mistaken, presents to us one of the most extraordinary gatherings of material, and one of the most characteristic assemblages of human beings, to be met with in the world.

It is a fine calm evening, and the stars, for a wonder, are blinking visibly through the smoke of the city, as, leaving Market Street, we begin to thread our way through the murky defiles leading towards the scene of action. We have not travelled far when we find the crowd thickening around us, and we are soon one of a multitude progressing but slowly towards the common destination, and elbowing its way against an opposing current of bag and basket-laden housewives and husbands returning from the grand emporium. As we draw nearer the market, we find the roadway blocked up with vehicles laden with all kinds of stock, and themselves serving the purpose of stalls and shops, and we have to rub shoulders with wheels, and edge sideways between axle-trees, in order to get within the boundaries. The market proper covers a large area, equal in size to one of the London squares, and it is all roofed in on the glass and iron-girder principle, showing like half-a-dozen railway stations united in one. From north to south, and from east to west run a couple of broad carriage-roads crossing at right angles in the centre, and also roofed in with the rest of the area. It is unequally lighted, some parts being in comparative gloom, and others blazingly illuminated; but everywhere a dense crowd heaves and struggles incessantly between the masses of merchandise; and from all points come the hum and babble of voices, the clatter of the wooden-soled clogs upon the stones, and the explosive shouts of the chapmen and sellers, challenging attention to their wares.

These wares are of a class, many of them, which, familiar as experience has made us with markets in various parts of the world, have yet the merit of novelty to us. First, we pause instinctively at a pile of barrels about the size of London oyster barrels, all made of new white wood, but all dashed and discoloured with gory crimson streams, dropping in thick gouts upon the ground. What dreadful mystery do they unfold? Presently, up comes a young fellow, who, punching a cask with his fist, demands how much. "Three and six," says the gaunt woman who has them in charge. "Aw wonnut gie nobbut three," rejoins the youth; and there ensues a combat of haggling

and sparring, during which the woman bursts in the thin head of the cask to show its contents, which we perceive to be a mass of dark purple berries sodden in their own juice. The buyer acknowledges the merits of the sample, but will not advance his bidding, and finally gets the barrel for the three shillings—the woman dismissing him with, “Yaow never bort whinbrys at that price afore aw reckon,” to which he makes no reply, but shoulders the cask and away at full speed. From subsequent inquiry we learn that the whinberry is a favourite fruit with the populace for flavouring their pastry—that it grows both wild and cultivated in Lancashire and the neighbouring counties, and though flat and tasteless when undressed, may be converted into a real luxury by dexterous management. The berry is about the size of a black currant, and the plant producing it may be akin to those species which yield the cranberry, so common in London, and the whortleberry of Somerset and Wiltshire, though the fruit resembles neither of these in colour.

There is a rich abundance of the usual culinary vegetables, but they are arranged for sale on a plan which, though it admits of the minutest division, detracts much from the comeliness of their appearance. Thus, piles of rhubarb lie heaped in huge mounds; the turnip and carrot come to market without their green tops, and stand in little pyramids, or lie ranged in rows on the stalls like garden fruit. There is a deluge of plums of all possible varieties packed in oval-shaped hampers; there are raspberries potted in cabbage-leaves—apricots ditto—apples and pears in countless numbers, and everywhere the indispensable cabbage and potato for the poor man's pot.

But what have we here? “Capital perry and cider, at one halfpenny the glass.” Bright and sparkling it looks, in glasses ready-filled, and as big as the London ale-glass. “Sandwiches of beef or ham, a penny each.” Cheap enough, certainly, and so the public seem to think, for lads, and lasses too, are clustering round and consummating a three-halfpenny supper as fast as the stall-keeper can serve them. We cannot help noticing a general affection for the “mooster-pot,” which circulates briskly round the board amidst constant calls for its appearance. While the symposium is at its height, a dealer in nuts elbows his way into the circle. “Eh, chaps,” he whines in a sort of falsetto, “here's good noots a'awp'ney the coop; gie the lasses a few noots to crack”—an incentive to gallantry which has its weight, for the “awp'neys” come forth copiously.

Leaving this group, we come anon upon a snell of salt fish, and are greeted with the spectacle of a long board on trestles, heaped with piles of dried cod cut into squares, and ticketed 4d. a pound—with mounds of herrings smoked and salted—with haddocks split in halves, and pyramids of cooked soles, brown and crusty-looking. Some of these latter are being eaten on the spot; and of all varieties, quantities are marching off in the custody of purchasers, many of whom are notably importations from the sister island. Close to the fish-stall, and resting against a barrel of red-herrings, reclines a weird, brown-faced, weary-looking woman, half concealed behind a mound of

dirty roots, which, from the hue of her bony fingers, we conclude she has herself wrenched from the soil. At the sound of our voice she sits up, as we inquire, “And what roots are these?”

“Eh! they're dondyloins, mun.”

“Dandelions! and what use are they?”

“If yoa gotten a pain i' th' back, neaw, or a pain i' th' soide, aw reckon they'll kewor yoa: ut's the use o' dondyloins.”

The weary body, seeing that we are no customer, relapses into the recumbent position, and, our curiosity satisfied, we pass on, and the next moment are dazzled with the glitter and sheen of a mass of Birmingham jewellery, temptingly displayed in glass-cases. There are neck-chains, bracelets, tiaras, brooches, cameos, imitation gold watches and lockets, simulated gems of all hues, and a countless variety of toilet articles, mingled with scents, unguents, pomades, and perfumes—and all accessible at prices which would appear ludicrous were we to set them down. Over this glittering mass, a group of Lancashire females are bending with eager faces and admiring eyes, fingering, smelling, and trying on, and rejecting, and selecting, and deciding upon the purchases which a few pence will pay for, with an air as expressive and suggestive as that of Madame the marchioness, bewildered with the brilliant splendours of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge.

Next to the jeweller, the milliner has reared her banner. A framework of the neatest caps and the most bewitching bonnets (which must be in the height of fashion, since not one of them would contain more than half of a human head) incloses her round. The gayest ribbons hang streaming aloft in the wind, or lie unrolled upon the counter; lace cuffs and collars, babies' dresses, and mysteries unfathomable by us, in netting and crochet, are displayed on all sides, while Madame, with a perpetual smile on her face, and a tongue of blandest accent and untireable energy, bestows her cares and compliments on all sides at once to a crowd of votaries.

Stepping across the central road, where some half-naked Irish boys are hawking bundles of chips for fire-lighting, we find ourselves in a portion of the slop department, amidst a forest of integuments indispensable to the outer man. Here, again, cheapness is the order of the day. Good serviceable articles, fabricated for use and wear rather than for sale or show, are plainly the staple of the market; and for him who cannot afford new, there are goods at second-hand cheaper still. There is a brisk trade doing in both kinds, and a considerable amount changes hands, of money prudently spent. Further on, we are in the leather department, where second-hand boots, shoes, and clogs load the stalls and strew the ground. This display tells a tale of poverty and deprivation not so pleasant to read; for it is too plain that the aggregate of what here passes for merchandise is nothing worth, and would be better placed among the refuse that supplements the manure heap. But, bad as this prospect is, it changes to one still worse as we advance. Gradually the stalls have disappeared, and we are wandering among heaps of rubbish piled or scattered on the ground, under the charge of poverty-stricken Irish women, squatting moodily in the

midst of it. Rags, extra ragged and ill-odorous—shreds of fustian and bed-tick—dilapidated coats-tails, and fragments of pantaloons—parted upper-leathers, and legs of deceased stockings—such are some of the samples of raiment; and mingled with these are the *disjecta* of every other kind of domestic property, whether fashioned of wood or metal, which a false idea of its usefulness could prompt a man to rescue from the fire or the melting-pot.

Let us see if we can succeed in cataloguing this single heap which lies before us, and over which a septuagenarian matron, with a short pipe in her mouth—said pipe being long since burnt out—keeps watchful ward. On the top of the heap rests a frying-pan, with the handle broken short to within three inches of the rim, and three rust-eaten holes in its bottom. An old hat, split half round the crown, and the silk parting from its cylinder sufficiently to show that that is made of millboard, disputes with the frying-pan possession of the summit; the hat would roll off, but it is kept in its place by the weight of one half of a pair of iron pincers, the other half and the rivet or bolt being gone. Beneath the hat an old Paisley shawl, one-third of which has been consumed by fire, is folded upon the wrecks of a patchwork counterpane, gaping with huge rents such as defy all patching in future, and sooty in hue. From one of the rents in the counterpane sticks out half of an odd volume of some religious work, shorn of one cover and as dog-eared as our Pincher himself. This book is supported by a hob-nailed blucher boot, ventilated at the toes, into which is inserted the handle of a rusty reaping-hook, the crooked blade of which has snapped short in the centre. A policeman's dark-lantern, with the bull's-eye smashed to shivers, and the cowl crushed in, comes next; then there is the head of a huge tree-felling axe, from which an unlucky blow has snapped off half the metal; there is the brass cover of a warming-pan drilled with holes; there is an odd leg of a mahogany chair, and an ottoman wanting two of its feet, with a portentous blotch of ink on its embroidered cover; there is the horse-hair bolster of a sofa stuffed with hay, and disgorging its stuffing from a slit along the centre; there is a hearth-rug, from which all demonstration of pattern has disappeared; there are twenty things, or fragments of things besides, to which it would be difficult to give a name; and underneath them all is an indiscriminate mass of rags and tatters of every conceivable fabric of linen or woollen. There must be a demand for these repulsive collections of rubbish, or they would not be brought to the market; but that demand is a mystery to us at present, and we must wait for its solution until we have looked a little further behind the scenes.

Away from this dingy locality to a more congenial spot. What is this array of bottles, of green blossoming plants, of sheaves of golden tops, mounds of coltsfoot, stores of dried herbs, and bundles of nondescript roots and bulbs, and dry sticks and stalks? What, but a famous repository of medicinal herbs for the cure of disorders and diseases internal and external, according to the system of old Culpeper, without putting the doctor to the trouble of pocketing your money. Here you

may buy for a few pence the medicative simples which you have not time nor perhaps the necessary knowledge to go and gather for yourself in the fields; and if you lack the skill to make the proper infusions, or salves to apply externally, here you may purchase Mr. Thingummy's celebrated diet drinks at a penny the bottle, and imbibe them on the spot; or his still more celebrated cerate, which you may carry home in your pocket, and apply at your leisure. From all we can observe, the Manchester populace has a strong belief in the virtue of simples; for not only do they gulp down in our presence whole dozens of the celebrated diet drinks, and cram the herbs both green and dried into their baskets, but we meet them on our early morning walks in the neighbourhood of Cheetham Hill, diligently gathering from hedges and road-side banks whole bundles of yarrow and ground-ivy and young nettle-tops, with sundry other of the wild weed and grass tribe, of whose names as well as virtues we are ourselves in blind ignorance. We are far from wishing to discountenance this popular faith; we have a notion that for most of the ills which flesh is heir to there is a healing balsam to be found among the despised plants of the field, and we should be sorry to cast discredit upon the traditional knowledge of these the purest of all remedies, which we well know have healed multitudes.

But "Quack, quack, quack!" What is here? Positively a whole troop of live geese, waiting for customers. Luckless waddlers! every one of them looks as though it had been dragged through the inky Irwell and afterwards dried in the sun; every feather on every goose's back is dyed to the hue and crusted with the substance of black mud. The poor things have travelled far, and though their numbers are fast thinning, as one after another is packed off to grace to-morrow's spit and dinner-table, a good section of them will remain, and have to be driven out to grass to recruit strength and flesh for another market. Near to the geese stand coops of live ducks and fowls, and, more than that, ducks and fowls from all stages of alive and kicking to the several conditions of dead, plucked, drawn, trussed, and cooked and done brown ready for eating. Then there are rabbits alive and dead, and in almost as various conditions, with the exception of the cooking; there are innocent sucking pigs ready for roasting, and delicate country pork, either raw, or boiled, or roasted, or baked in pies; and there is no end of herbs and seasoning and the materials of stuffing and garnish to serve up with appetising honours.

But we have food for the mind as well as the body; for lo! here is a stall that might do credit to a railway station, crammed with books old and new, with volumes of science and mechanics, of philosophy, theology and fiction, with hosts of new publications in green and yellow covers, and the cheap periodicals of the day. And here is another, surmounted by a placard exhibited aloft, containing the publications of the Bible Society, where you may get a substantially bound Bible for a shilling, a Testament for fourpence, and Prayer-books at almost any scale of price you like.

A little further on we are plunged into the crockery region, among pots, pans, and dishes, clattering and clanging in the hands of sellers

and buyers, and undergoing fearful punches in the side to test their soundness. A rich-coloured serviceable brown ware, finished off with peculiar neatness and highly glazed, seems a favourite article with the humbler classes, and, being sold at a moderate price, finds many purchasers; but there are luxuries of glass and crystal in abundance, with handsome dinner services and gilded vases, lustres and chimney ornaments, for those who seek them.

Then there comes the domestic tin-ware and japanned department, where all the metallic necessities of the kitchen and the whole household—roasters, toasters, jacks and reflectors, *et id genus omne*, with an infinite variety of species, glitter in the flickering light, and tinkle and ring incessantly, as the matrons and young wives overhaul and haggle and cheapen and carry them off.

But now we have well-nigh made the round of the market, and though we have not set down a tithe of its notabilities, we must get out of the crowd if we can. Such a crowd! getting out is no easy matter, considering that our toes are half squashed by the inch-thick wooden soles of the Lancashire lasses, who have the advantage of us in their clogs, and have made us pay for our curiosity. Then the noise, the clatter, the hum, the laughter, the shouting—the rattle of light wares, the thumping and lumbering of heavy ones, the shrill cries of the female dealers, the sharp, shot-like explosions of the males, the rattle and rumble of wheels through the cross-roads, the squalling of children, the fierce yell of the hawking Irish boys—these multitudinous sounds, and fifty others mingled with them, are beginning to set our brain a swimming, and remind us that we have had our share of the excitements of the market. So we edge our way out, through the piles of vegetables, the stacks of hampers, the conglomerate of carts and waggons, that seem to bulwark the whole area—through the crowd of figures round the public-house at the corner, drinking and drunk, or on the road to drunkenness (alas! that it should have to be said)—past luckless women dragging away tipsy husbands from the scene of temptation, with squalid barefooted children crying at their skirts—on through the opposing crowd still flocking to a late market, then down a few devious ways and turnings, which land us at length in Manchester's main street, now comparatively calm and quiet—and so home to supper.

OH, VOLTAIRE! VOLTAIRE!

In the deeply interesting autobiography of the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, the following anecdote, related of the son of the Rev. Mr. Tupper (Mr. Jay's predecessor), illustrates, in an affecting manner, the baneful influence upon youth of infidel publications and improper companions.

Mr. T. was a widower, and had only one child, a son, residing with him, and articled to a solicitor in Bath. This son had more than his father's natural talents, and was a good scholar, and gave much promise of rising above many in his profession. He also seemed much inclined to walk in those ways which are "pleasantness and peace." When, therefore, he had arrived at age, on his birth-day he wrote a paper, entitled, "Rules for my Conduct." It began thus: "I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and

blessing of God upon my future years. But in order to this, I know I must adhere to certain principles and rules; the first of which is PIETY. 'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding,'" etc. But, alas! this goodness was as the morning cloud, or early dew, which soon passeth away. These hopeful appearances were in a few months blighted, and in a few more entirely destroyed.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a companion of fools shall be destroyed." This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical, or as, by a patent of their own creation, they call themselves, free-thinking young men; gave up the sabbath; forsook the house of God, which his father had built; abandoned the minister to whom he had been greatly attached; and "boldly" left off to be wise and to do good. But as his fall was rapid, so his new course was short. Swimming on a Sunday for amusement and experiment, he caught a chill which brought on a consumption. This for months gave him warning and space for repentance; but it is to be feared this grace of God was in vain. During his gradual decline, he refused all intercourse with pious friends or ministers; and when his good nurse entreated him to call me in, as I lived close by, and there had been such an intimacy between us, he frowned and rebuked her, and ordered her to mind her own business. On the last day of his life, unasked, I ventured into his dying chamber. He was sensible: but exclaimed, "Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!" He then raised himself up in the bed, and wringing his hands again, exclaimed, "Oh, that young man! that young man!" I said, "My dear sir, what young man?" With a countenance indescribable, he answered, "I will not tell you."

How was my soul agonized, for I had loved him much, and had endeavoured in every way to render myself agreeable and useful to him. But "one sinner destroys much good." What have I seen, in a long ministry, of the dire effects of evil associates and licentious publications. He kept moving about, and grasping the bed-clothes; and after a disturbed silence muttered something about his seeing fire, and then suddenly expired. On the last circumstance I laid no stress; it was probably from a sparkling of the eye, affected by the imagination or by disease.

Should this solemn and true statement fall under the notice of any youth who has had godly parents and a religious education, and not only outward advantages, but serious convictions and resolutions, from all which he has turned aside—surely here is enough to awaken his reflections and fears, and to enforce the language of inspired wisdom and love: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof! and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me! Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

NEVER defend an error because you once thought it to be truth.

DARE to be singular, when you see all around you to be wrong.